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POETIC EFFUSIONS:
BY
MARY COLLIER.

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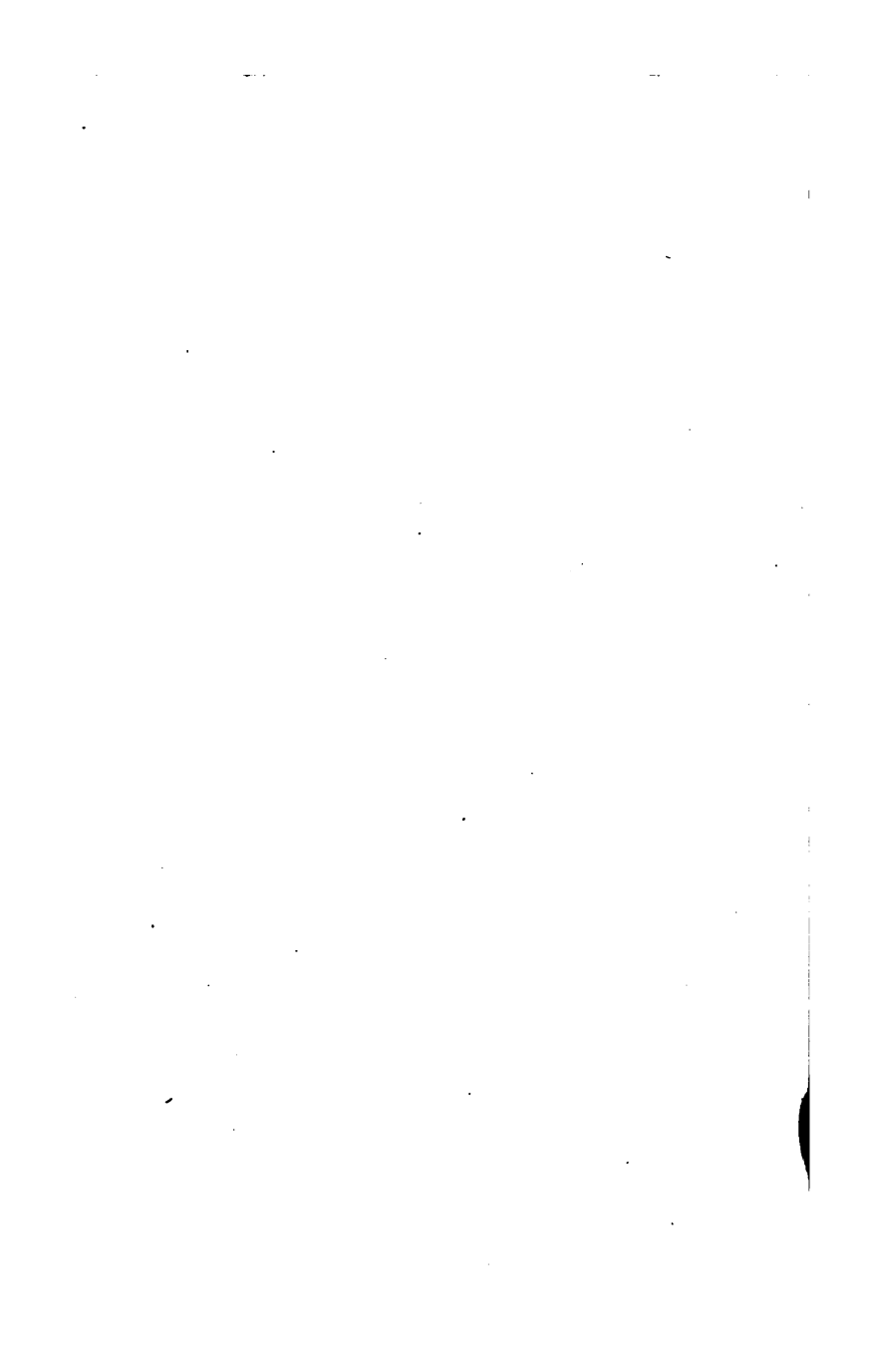


In Bowley
Sep-28. 1853

Mary [unclear] after [unclear] Mary Collier.

Poetic Effusions.







Mary Collier.



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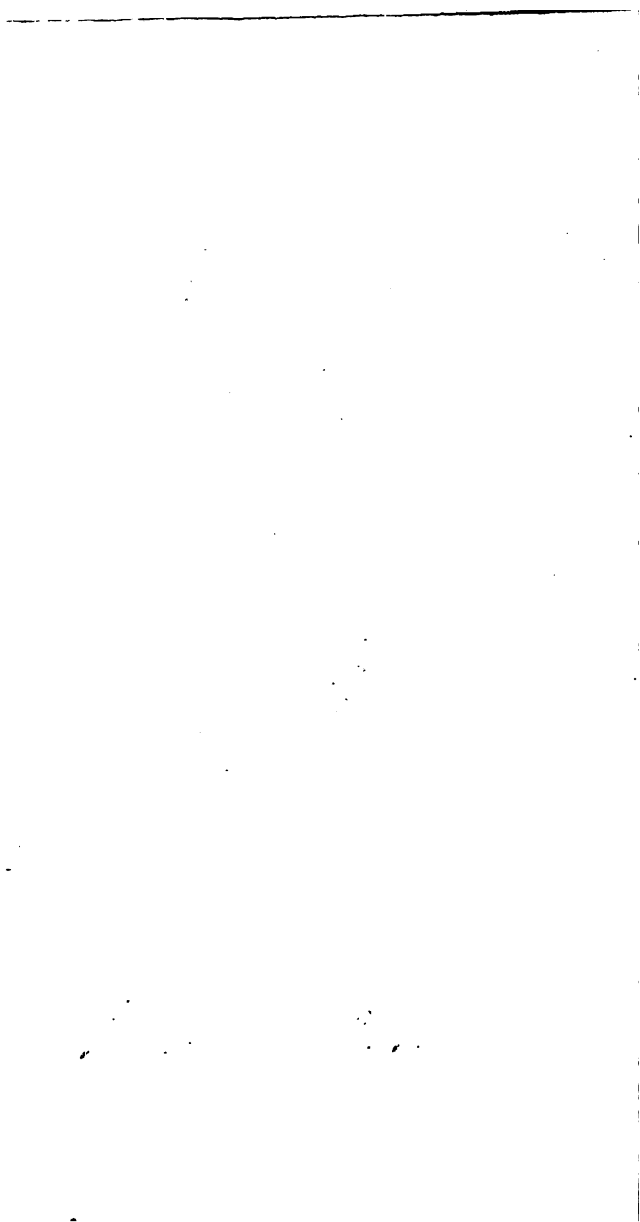
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POETIC EFFUSIONS:

"

Mary Collier.

FOURTH EDITION.

"For me, I boast no critic lore nor skill,
"Nor classic laws for measured numbers know;
"Enough to feel the bosom's raptur'd thrill—
"The tear that starts—the heart's spontaneous glow."

Leamington Spa:
PRINTED BY R. RUSSELL, SPENCER STREET.

Sold by all Booksellers.

1851.

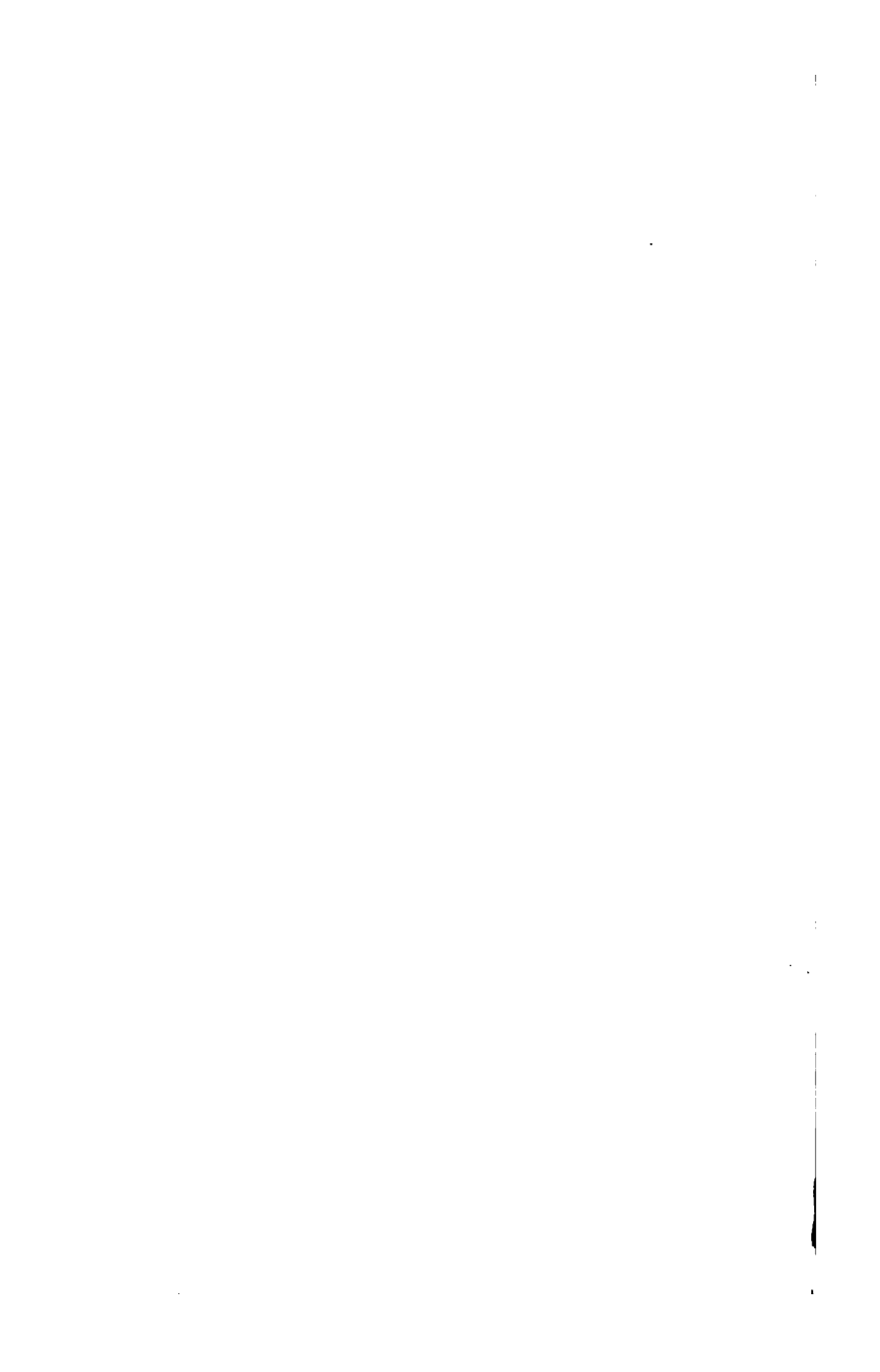
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THE
LORD SCARSDALE,
This Volume
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WITH HIS PERMISSION,
VERY
GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



Preface.

GRAY, in his beautiful and justly admired Elegy, says—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance in the desert air.”

And no doubt the sentiment is correct.

The candour and benevolence, however, of this country have seldom failed in patronising superior genius when modestly brought before it, and especially when genius has been placed in circumstances unfavourable to its cultivation and expansion. At the same time, it is true that accidental causes have in some instances prevented for a time that encouragement which it deserves.

The Authoress of these Effusions has had no reason to complain of either unkindness or neglect on the part of the public. Three Editions of her little Volume have been successively published at Derby, and have been completely sold. In bringing out this *Fourth* Edition, she is proud in prefixing it with a numerous and influential list of Subscribers, derived from the County of Warwick, where her former editions have hitherto been little known. She feels great pleasure in expressing her gratitude for this new evidence of public favour, so generously afforded to her humble efforts, and wishes her Subscribers in return every blessing of time and eternity.

This Edition is dedicated, like the former ones, to the Right Hon. Lord Scarsdale, for whose kind and continuous patronage she cannot but express her deep obligation and gratitude.

To the Subscribers.

WE noble Patrons of a muse
Devoid of classic skill,
Your generous feelings must diffuse
A sweet and rapturous thrill.

How gladly would my fancy roam
In all her soaring glee,
And bring a lovely garland home
For those who smil'd on me.

But tho' no blooming wreath is here,
Or lofty numbers flow,
Accept the muse's grateful tear
And heart's spontaneous glow.



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Poetic Effusions.

ON FARNAH,

The Seat of the Right Hon. the Lord Searsdale.

HAIL! beauteous mansion, whose majestic form
Has caught the traveller's admiring gaze ;
Whose fair erection, graced with many a charm,
Forms a fit subject for the Poet's lays !

Oft have I viewed, when but in youthful days,
The pleasing beauties of this stately dome ;
Where taste and genius varied art displays,
Blending the palace with the charms of home.

And oft I've viewed these fair romantic scenes,
When Phœbus' golden beams displayed their
powers ;
Watched their reflection on the crystal streams,
And slowly traced the sweetly twining bowers.

Would that my pen had skill and power to paint
The raptur'd feelings which these scenes inspire !
Its feeble touches are too poor and faint !
They lack the genius of poetic fire,—

Or I would sing the grotto's calm retreat,
Where Art, assisting Nature, charms the sight ;
And thither tempt the stranger's wandering feet,
Where freshening zephyrs would the Bard invite.

There Taste her thousand graceful forms arrays,
And mingled beauties weave a magic chain ;
'Tis there the gurgling fountain gently plays,
And Sylphs and naiads hold their peaceful reign.



LAMENT

On the want of Education.

It has been said by ancient sires,
That man indulges base desires ;
And that our nature's wants are few,
If we their right proportions knew :
With this assertion I agree,
But one sad want is known to me.
My soul would rise :—and soaring high,
Would claim the Poet's favorite joy,
Gladly improve kind Nature's part
With education's noble art ;
But, as this blessing fate denies,
She shrinks, and never hopes to rise.
Much I admire those soaring minds,
Where learning with good sense combines,
Which can with equal ease and joy
Their every vacant hour employ :
Each rising sentiment improve,
On Nature, Virtue, and on Love.

With pleasure roam around the land,
And, as they rove, their minds expand
By aid of Science ;—they adore,
And Nature's wondrous works explore !
On me, such lights have never glowed ;
For me, such pleasures never flowed !
My Muse, forgetful, takes her flight,
And rising with intense delight,
She mounts on Contemplation's wings,
In hopes to trace sublimer things :
But while my anxious bosom burns,
Alas ! she flutters and returns.
Thus disappointment, care, and woe,
Compel forbidden tears to flow.
Yet while I mourn, with grief sincere,
My fortune, cruel and severe,
I see the heavenly day-star rise,
Which points my passage to the skies ;
Which reigns and rules within my breast,
The seal of an immortal rest !
It was this brilliant ray of hope
Which taught me first with time to cope ;
Which bade me on that Strength rely,
That can each threatening storm defy ;



Whose word can quench the powers of hell,
And every earth-born fear dispel.
And I'll adore redeeming grace,
My Saviour's humble footsteps trace,
Whilst I pursue with heartfelt joy,
The sacred way-mark to the sky.

MY BROTHER.

*Addressed by the Authoress to her Brother, who, at parting,
requested that his Sister would sometimes think on him.*

O YES! while sacred Memory reigns,
And Reason owns her sway ;
And kindred Love my heart enchains ;
I'll sometimes think on thee,
My Brother.

In future years should woes combine,
And fortune frown on me,
While mingled miseries entwine,
I'll sometimes think on thee,
My Brother.

And when indulgent heaven smiles,
And prospects pleasing be—
Then, while prosperity beguiles,
I'll oft-times think on thee,
My Brother.

And should I e're be doomed to roam,
Far distant realms to see ;
When wandering from my native home,
I'll sometimes think on thee,
My Brother,

And when some luring syren's voice
Would tempt thy heart 'gainst heaven's decree,
Make virtue thy decided choice,
And sometimes think on me,
My Brother.

And if by many a tender tie,
Thy sister's dear to thee ;
Thy every vacant hour employ
To prove thou think'st on me,
My Brother.

TO DONALD.

Who, on parting with a Young Lady, requested her not to forget him.

FORGET thee! No! I said farewell!
But never shall the pang depart;
'Tis like an ever-tolling knell,
Impetuous sounding at my heart.

Forget those rural scenes of joy,
Once to my heart intensely dear;
Another maid thy care employ
And I ne'er drop the pensive tear!

That heart to tender feelings prone,
Such coldness never can partake;
I live to love but thee alone,
Or yield to die for Donald's sake.

The tongue of slander, whose fell pow'r
Once sought thy gentle heart to move,
Succeeded in a fatal hour,
And banished me from life and love.

Yet, though I'm doomed to mourn in vain,
 And we, alas! are forced to sever;
 Forget, forgive; thy truth maintain,
 And, Donald, let us love for ever.

ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.

From my Sick Bed.

AND must our friendship cease, though death shall
 sever?
 No! Fanny, soon we shall the more unite:
 And must it cease? Tho' worlds dissolve! No, never!
 In union we shall walk with Christ in light.

There, free from pain, from anguish, and from woe,
 We'll gladly join the happy choir above;
 Enjoy the warmth of friendship's sacred glow,
 Till friendship ripen to celestial love.

The NOW INVISIBLE we then shall see,
 And chant the wonders of redeeming grace;
 For there the great I AM shall ever be,
 Without a cloud before His gracious face!



TO LORENZO.

Written for a Young Lady to her Lover who had
abandoned her.

TELL me, Lorenzo, in those busy scenes,
Viewing the palace and the lofty tower,
Can you forget, while sacred memory reigns,
The rural walk and oft-frequented bower?

Can you, while reason lends her friendly aid,
Forget the calm and solitary grove ;
Where oft in sweet retirement's pleasing shade,
You vowed eternal constancy and love !

And, Oh ! I listened with unconscious joy,
And thought my breast incapable of pain ;
While every feathered tenant of the sky
Appeared to join you in the ardent strain !

'Twas you who lighted first love's ardent fire,
And formed the fond emotions of my heart ;
You bid each anxious troubled fear expire,
And then, bade every blooming hope depart.

INVOCATION TO THE MOON.

Written at Twelve years of Age, in memory of a
School-fellow at Sea.

ILLUSTRIOUS lamp! commissioned from on high
To chase the gloomy terrors of the night;
Bright ornament of the ethereal sky,
Visit my Henry with thy cheering light.

In yonder distant country where he roves,
Where peace and hope forsake his wayward
breast;
For ever banished from the maid he loves,
With deadly anguish and with care opprest;

Oh! that thy presence would impress his soul;
Would bid him every earthly fear resign:
With soft persuasion and with fond control,
Would raise his pensive mind to things divine.

STANZAS IN RETIREMENT.

As oft as evening's silent hour,
Led by the gentle breeze,
I seek some shady lonely bower
Amid the woodland trees ;

And musing there on passing scenes,
In solitary mood,
Where pensive meditation reigns
And loves alone to brood ;

I sadly think on future woes,
Or those long past away ;
Reflection whispers to the Muse,
With hope-inspiring lay.

“ Ah ! why,” she says, “ the heavy sigh ?
“ Or why that dark despair ?
“ Since every mortal born to die,
“ Has joy with grief to share.

- “ As equal light o’er every land
“ All-bounteous heaven bestows ;
“ So equal blessings from its hand,
“ To every creature flows.
- “ Then think not to be nobly born
“ Can make us blest alone ;
“ For oft the monarch’s breast is torn
“ With anguish not its own.
- “ Full oft beneath the sparkling brow,
“ Where sense and wit are seen,
“ Is lodg’d the deadly weight of woe,
“ With sorrow dark and keen.
- “ Yet ’neath the roof of humble swain,
“ With aspect mean and low,
“ Though pressed with poverty and pain,
“ May solid comforts flow.
- “ There is a charm of magic power,
“ To no estate confined ;
“ A charm beyond the present hour,
“ A calm confiding mind ! ”

May I this lovely prize obtain,
E'en in my lowly cot ;
I'll cherish sweet contentment's reign,
And bless my humble lot.

TO ROSA.

Ah ! Rosa, if endearing smile
Was e'er intended to beguile,
'Twas that which dwelt upon thy mien,
Where every sparkling grace was seen,
 This favoured morn ;
It was as though some transient cloud,
That veiled thy beauties as a shroud,
 Was then withdrawn ;
And thus revealed to genial light,
They shone with brilliant splendour bright,
 Like something heaven-born !

TO MISS * * * *

ACCEPT, dear madam, from a grateful mind,
Emotions that would gladly be expressed :
The sigh, the tear, the genial wish combined,
With mingled incense rising from the breast.

I would be grateful, would express my joy,
And every tender sentiment reveal ;
But still your presence does this power deny,
And secret silence in my bosom seal.

And shall I fear that noble, graceful mien,
Which friends have oft beheld with sweet delight ?
Yes, dazzling bright, 'tis like the angel's gleam,
When Parnell's Hermit wondered at the sight.

TO MY HUSBAND.

Occasioned by some Favourite Plants of his, which I had set out
for the benefit of a shower, being overthrown and
destroyed by a sudden gust of wind.

Excuse me, love ;—those tender trees—
Though they were favourites of thine :
For sure that rough unfriendly breeze,
Was a decided foe of mine.

If e'er my bosom heaved a sigh,
Or e'er an ardent wish expressed,
'Twas that no blooming hope should die,
That once was cherished in thy breast.

And though, like willows by the stream,
They seemed to flourish every day ;
Their beauty's fled, and, like a dream,
Thy hopes are vanished far away.

Oft have I seen thy anxious care,
And now behold thy blighted joys :
Yet HEAVEN shall hear my constant prayer,
And give that *hope* which never dies.

This *sacred* flower shall ever bloom,
In desert wild shall seem more fair ;
This, can no mortal power entomb,
No northern winds can e'er impair.


This brilliant star shall ever shine—
Shall shed its lustre clear and bright—
Shall yield the heartfelt peace divine,
E'en in the darkest gloom of night.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

Was e'er enchantment framed by Nature's power,
'Tis midst the mazes of this sylvan scene ;
Did Heaven e'er grant to me one favoured hour,
'Twas there these verdant beauties smiled serene.

Along these devious walks I love to stray,
And hear the gentle river's murmuring roll ;
It seems to steal each woe-born thought away,
And sooth the pensive sadness of the soul.

The mingled charms by taste and genius wrought,
With secret raptures cheer the wondering sight,
Exalt the mind, inspire each virtuous thought,
And fill the ravished senses with delight.



THE MUSE'S WISH.

WHERE would the Muse delight to roam?
Where fix her favorite future home?
Not in the crowded scenes of life
Where ev'ry hour gives birth to strife;
Not in the lonely village, free
From noise, yet bound in tyranny;
Some knight or squire there holds the reins,
And peasants live 'neath galling chains:
Not in the dungeon's gloomy cell,
Where none but slaves in anguish dwell,
Where light of day hath never shone,
Where dreadful darkness reigns alone:
But in some wood, some rural wild,
Where peace and plenty always smiled;
Where Nature's blooming beauties grow,
And health and peace around bestow.
Here the free tenants of the air
With sweetest strains beguile our care,
And here through all the vale is rung
In wood-notes wild the shepherd's song.

Here stands the poplar towering high,
Whose summit seems to touch the sky ;
With fair majestic beauty graced,
Beside the shady elm is placed ;
Here too, in sweet profusion, view
Flowers of the wildest form and hue ;
To grace the Muse's peaceful seat,
The myrtle finds a loved retreat ;
Here Nature proves her genial power
And circling woodbines form a bower :
Here, would the Muse enraptured reign,
And bound by only Friendship's chain,
And taught by Nature's purest laws
To shun the search of vain applause,
Would taste the hermit's humble joy :
Joined in affection's tenderest tie,
Here, with one loved companion blest,
She'd take no care for future rest,
But think the sweets of mutual love
A foretaste of the joys above.



ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Written at the request of a Young Man, on the death of a Young
Woman to whom he was engaged.

FAREWELL, Maria! long shall memory dwell
On innocence, as pure as new-born light;
Long shall the Muse in tenderest accents tell
Her woes, while thou shalt bloom in regions bright.

And shall we mourn in ceaseless, fruitless woe,
The loss of virtues gentle and refined?
Yes, echoing back in strains of anguish flow
Forbidden sorrows from the afflicted mind.

Yet would we bow to that superior power
Which raised this star to regions all divine:
He that transplanted hence the lovely flower,
Has placed it where immortal beauties shine.

EPITAPH ON MARIA.

THIS stone is placed where sleeping virtue's laid ;
We mark the spot and shed a tender tear :
Her memory lives, though in the silent shade
She sleeps, nor courts this feeble tribute here.


Flown is her spirit from the scenes of woe ;
And may that Light Divine which blest her way,
Shine o'er our path and lead us to pursue
Her heaven-directed steps, to an eternal day.

ON A LITTLE GIRL,

Whose name was Rose.

HAIL, little flower ; by heaven designed
To flourish fair in future years ;
Thy name and nature so entwined
A sweet and near resemblance bears.

When first this little bud was seen,
An infant smile of magic power
Play'd o'er her face of gentlest mien—
A sunbeam o'er its kindred flower.



The mighty power who gave her birth,
Has stamped an index of her mind ;
So sweetly boding future worth,
She seems as for her name designed.

STANZAS.

Ah me ! reflection starts with anguish wild,
And bids my tears responsively to flow ;
Reminds me of the days when prospects smiled
And every breast was warm with friendship's glow.

And when reflection's racking pains
Around my heart entwine,
I mourn that fearful darkness reigns
Where Hope alone should shine.

That glittering star's refulgent light,
Which happier mortals see,
Still with transcendent lustre bright,
Is ever dim to me.

But I'll implore that power supreme,
Which gave me first such heartfelt joy,
To yield once more its guiding beam,
The brilliant way-mark to the sky.

Then shall that powerful magnet shine,
And point the course I should pursue ;
Make me each earth-born care resign,
And keep the sacred end in view.

ON THE

DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

FAREWELL, blest Ellen ! long thy spotless name
Shall deep imprinted on our memories live ;
Long on the records of unsullied fame
Thy lovely innocence a charm shall give.

Farewell, thou little floweret of the shade,
Just born to blossom, like thy kindred rose ;
Early transplanted where no thorns invade,
To flourish fair in regions of repose.

STANZAS.

WHILE some, amid the busy scenes of life,
Pursue its pleasures on each rising day,
Be mine reflection, free from anxious strife,
As thus I pensive tread my lonely way.

Here the fond Muse, in meditation's flight,
Wings her high-soaring passage through the air,
Neither surrounded by the shades of night,
Nor yet distracted by corroding care ;

Inspired by heaven, and blest by fate supreme,
Here would I wander at the break of day,
Feeding alone on fancy's favorite dream,
While love and hope maintain their equal sway.

No blighted prospects shall the bosom pain,
While nature's beauties charm the admiring sight ;
No deadly sorrow in the memory reign,—
Calm like a spirit in the realms of light.

ON THE

AUTHOR'S WEDDING DAY.

As oft as rolling time shall chance to bring
Back to my mind remembrance of that day,
I'll hail the breeze that bears it on its wing,
And mourn its flight whene'er its passed away.

That day gave birth to many a rising sigh,
And planted in my bosom many a fear,
The secret tumult of my soul beat high ;
But, ah ! the tie was tender, strong, and dear.

Bright was that sun whose lovely cloudless brow,
With radiant lustre on my path did rise ;
Bright was that aspect, solemn was that vow,
That pledged to me what most on earth I prize.

Nor was my heart inspired by sordid views—
No sigh for riches, no desire for fame ;
That secret peace which from affection flows
Was all my hope, and all I wish'd to claim.

ON A FINE PEACOCK,

*Which, while displaying its Plumage, walked backwards till it
fell into a Pond.*

ONE morning, early in the birth of spring,
When Nature first her infant hope reveals,
When tuneful birds their wildest wood-notes sing,
And every Poet secret rapture feels ;

Attentively I watch'd each passing scene,
For meditation was my Muse disposed,
When 'neath the radiant sun's refulgent beam,
A feathered king his majesty disclosed.

By nature graced with all that charms the sight,
With conscious pomp he backward bent his way,
Spreading his plumes before the azure light,
Proudly exulting in a monarch's sway.

Each gentle breeze that blew but more revealed
The brightest colours of his noble train ;
His regal power and beauty were his shield,
No danger threatened his despotic reign.

Yet storms will rise, and clouds obscure the days,
Of haughty monarchs, as our histories tell ;
Then wonder not, whilst proudly courting praise,
Into a pond the high-plumed tyrant fell.

Ah me ! I thought of human pomp and show,
Just blighted in the moment of their bloom ;
How oft are mortals' towering hopes laid low,
And proud ambition prisoned in the tomb !

ON THE

DEATH OF A FAVORITE DOG.

If to obedience and assiduous care,
One single tribute from the Muse is due,
Then *Tiny* must this little favor share ;
Belov'd in life, in death lamented too.

Pride of her mistress, and her master's joy ;
Their faithful guardian both by night and day :
No more on *Tiny* must their hopes rely ;
To Death, fell tyrant, she's become a prey.

STANZAS,

Suggested by a Bird which followed the Author as she was going
to be married, and uttered unceasingly its plaintive Notes.

WHAT gentle voice was that I heard
Soft breathing in the air?
Methinks it was that little bird,
With boding notes of care.

It seemed to follow me with pain,
Like some foretelling sprite;
As if 'twould say, with mournful strain,
Thy prospects are not bright.

Why did it leave its lonely bower
Where nature's beauties grow,
To tract me in this happy hour,
And chirp of future woe?

I will not fear its 'boding plaint,
I'll not indulge despair;
Why should I present blessings taint
With thoughts of future care?

STANZAS.

WITH secret pleasure shall I oft rehearse
The first unfolding of my infant views,
When first I lov'd to frame the humble verse,
And unaffected wooed the feeble Muse.

Nor did I wish that any eye should see,
Nor hope that any bosom should admire ;
'Twas nature's wild ungarnish'd boon to me,
The smallest portion of poetic fire.

For oft I would, when but in childhood's years,
Ere reason had begun to hold her reign,
In rhyming accents tell my hopes and fears,
And lisp my woes in melancholy strain.

'Twas mine to love retirement's rural joys,
And all the sweets which solitude bestowed,
The world was only dear from friendship's ties,
No thought of public praise within me glowed :

Till generous bosoms, fired with ready zeal,
With one consent, bestowed th' indulgent smile,
Set to my work the sweet approving seal—
The kind reward of all my studious toil.

LINES

Written at a Very Early Age.

WHEN rambling on a rural plain,
Early in morning dew,
I met a youthful wandering swain
In garb of ancient hue :
He cast a wistful look on me,
With gladness on his mien,
And asked me if my home might be
On yonder rural green.
" Yes," I exclaimed, " I there retire,
" And with my mother too ;
" But why a stranger should inquire,
" The cause I do not know."

I thought he looked like Ratcliffe's son,
But spoke in language smoother ;
He said—" A little stranger's come,
" Who proves to be thy brother.
" He has no teeth, nor any hair,
" He heaves no tender sigh,
" He knows not yet the name of care,
" And yet he's heard to cry.
" Come, little maid, with me along,
" And lead us to your mother,
" That you may hush, with gentle song,
" Your little infant brother."

WHIT-MONDAY, 1831.

Addressed to the Honourable and Reverend Frederick
Curson, of Mickleover.

THE morning was serene and calm,
I heard no voice complain ;
And hope, which can the spirits charm,
Appear'd o'er all to reign.

Joy seemed to dwell in every mind,
Each face was seen to smile ;
The people all in concert joined,
Forgetful of their toil.

The village maids were dressed in white ;
Swains, in their best arrayed,
All mingled in the circle bright,
While cheerful music played.

“ Ah ! why,” cried I, “ this pleasing sound ?
“ Or why this festive scene ?
“ 'Tis seldom mirth like this is found
“ To cheer the village green.”

Then spake an ancient country dame,
In humble garments clad :
“ It was from Heaven these blessings came,
“ Which make our peasants glad.

“ That Power to whom we are resigned,
“ To whom we homage pay,
“ The noble Frederick's heart inclined,
“ To make our village gay.

“ For heaven, who knows our toils and cares,
“ Permits these rural joys ;
“ Hears all our honoured Master’s prayers,
“ And no good gift denies.

“ Our Master leaves his noble home,
“ To aid this happy day ;
“ Content in humble scenes to roam,
“ And point the sacred way.

“ See how the children of the schools,
“ Are objects of his care ;
“ Kept by his strict and pious rules,
“ From many a dangerous snare.

“ See how they share his bounty too ;
“ His great and generous mind
“ Ever inventing something new,
“ Which proves him good and kind.”

Oh ! may that sacred Power Divine,
Which now directs his way,
Here make his path still brighter shine,
On each succeeding day.

May he be kept at Jesus' feet !
May peace attend him now !
At last with fair AUGUSTA meet,
With victory on his brow.

STANZAS.

WHENE'ER that peaceful cot I see,
I think of happier by-gone days ;
And each reflection seems to me,
Like cheering gleam of sunbeam's rays.

I think of love, of pleasure's smile,
Of friendship's strong and powerful sway ;
And all that can the heart beguile,
And chase life's fearful gloom away.

I think of Burns, and lovely Jane,
Of Scott, and all the poets dear ;
Their rural joys,—a magic train,—
Must surely, mingling, centre here.

'Tis here, I see domestic care,
Industry, and affection joined ;
With every charm that home can wear,
That's most endearing to the mind.

All-gracious Father, kindly grant
That each may every good enjoy ;
And in their peaceful bosoms plant
Thy love, a way-mark to the sky.

ADMONITION TO A FRIEND.

THERE is a gloom on Mary's brow,
A dew-drop in her eye,
And signs of silent sorrow now,
And many a painful sigh.

I know your heart was always kind,
And I respect you, sir ;
But there's a tenderness of mind,
Peculiar to her.

•

I know how kindly you provide
For all within your cot,
But there is something else beside,
I fear you've quite forgot.

I need not in these lines comment
Upon her sterling worth,
But yet I must indeed lament,
Rare are such gems on earth.

That she is sensitive and fair,
Is plain to every eye ;
That she requires attentive care,
And you that care deny.

Yet you have pledged before the throne,
In sickness and in health,
To cherish her, and her alone,
In poverty or wealth.

She would not all alone prefer,
To weep for woes gone by ;
If you would kindly comfort her,
And dry the tearful eye.

'Tis yours to see that all obey,
With reverence that is due ;
That she her little household sway,
In unison with you.

Excuse the freedom of my pen,
This ode's to friendship due ;
And when I see her smile again,
I will not trouble you.

TO ELIZA.

SAY, dear Eliza, canst thou be
Forgetful of the days gone by ;
Of happy hours thou'st spent with me,
In many a scene of rural joy ?

Forget me, who have ever proved
The force of friendship's purest flame ;
And who so long and dearly loved
The sound of Alexander's name.

Me, who rejoiced with joy supreme,
When cheering sunbeams round thee played ;
And mourned in sorrow's wild extreme,
When thou wert first an orphan made.

Who deems it still a pleasing theme,
Reflecting on thy words and ways ;
When whispering 'neath the sun's bright beam,
" Oh ! Mary, these are happy days.

" Will there be gloomier moments ever,
" Must I be separate from you ?
" Should fate decree that we must sever,
" I could not, would not, say adieu.

" But should such cruel moments come,
" When faithful Mary shall depart ;
" Then wheresoe'er her footsteps roam,
" She's written on Eliza's heart.

" And when these rural walks I view,
" And wander round these ancient towers ;
" I'll think of friendship, peace, and you,
" And these delightful happy hours."

But those bright days are passed away,
And dear Eliza has forgot ;
She will not come and kindly stay
One hour within my humble cot.

But, though she careless pass my door,
I prize her more than gold or pearl ;
And should I ne'er behold her more,
I still shall love the orphan girl.

TO MISS H——.

THERE was a stranger lady came
And sat within my cot ;
Her greatness, goodness, and her name,
I knew them not.

I looked upon her, and was moved
With gratitude sincere ;
Yet knew not she was so beloved,
Nor of her sphere.

Yet something, whispering, seemed to say,
Be still, 'be silent, now ;
There, all that's noble bears the sway,
And decks her brow.

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR C. H. COLVILLE,

OF DUFFIELD.

I SAW the village, cheerful once and gay,
Now gloomy as the closing hour of day ;
A solemn stillness was o'er all the place,
And sorrow dwelt in every well-known face.
“ Ah! why,” I said, “ this fearful anguish now ?
“ Or, why does sadness reign on every brow ?”
“ Why, are you not aware,” a voice exclaim'd,
“ How in this village every heart is pained ;
“ Our loss is great, our sorrow is severe :
“ We've lost the Knight we loved with hearts sincere.
“ He's gone, whose name could every care beguile !
“ He's gone, the brilliant star of Britain's isle !
“ 'Tis not for this sad loss alone, we mourn ;
“ (His pain and suffering never can return ;

“ ’Twas his great business ever to prepare ;—
“ His noble soul now breathes a purer air ;)
“ But his loved Lady, mourning far away,
“ A source of sorrow that cannot decay ;
“ We, for her sake, to suffer, would prefer,
“ Could we but ward the awful stroke from her.
“ But she, alas ! is ever doom’d to feel
“ A wound that heavenly power alone can heal :
“ Yet all would now a secret comfort find,
“ In offering consolation to her mind.
“ Could we but hear her much-loved voice proclaim
“ Calm resignation, though in pensive strain,
“ This would be pleasure not to be expressed,
“ And ease the tumults of each troubled breast.
“ But she’s in distant lands, and we must pray
“ That guardian angels ’tend her every day,
“ And that her dear loved family may come.
“ In health and safety to their peaceful home.
“ To heavenly care we must at length confide,
“ Our choicest treasure, and our village pride.”

This tale of sorrow, did at once impart
A piercing dagger to the Muse’s heart ;
I well remember, days not distant far,
When I beheld him like a glittering star,

And heard his well known voice in crowds resound,
And every aspect brightened at the sound :
For he was dearly loved by rich and great,
And much adored by all of low estate :
His bright intelligence and goodness joined,
Are deep imprinted on the public mind.

Oh ! I remember, and with anguish keen,
How I beheld him in the festive scene,
With heart so good, so generous, and so brave,
Dispensing gifts, which heaven so kindly gave ;
And saw the pleasure beaming in his eye,
At every rapturous sound of rural joy ;
And saw his Lady kindly waiting while,
To welcome strangers with approving smile—
Oh ! this was bliss, 'twas bliss of pleasing kind,
And long will be imprinted on my mind.

The sad remembrance that he is no more,
Still bids the Muse in mournful strains deplore !
Yes, green in memory shall for ever be,
Sir Charles, thy goodness, and thy dignity !

ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

Addressed to Mrs. B.

DEAR lady, much I wondered, why you thought,
I could mistake what perfect genius wrought ;
No, in the city, or in scenes retired,
I must have known, and silently admired.

So well I love the solitary hour,
So oft reflect on Nature's pleasing power,
Not to remember with sincere delight,
That perfect image drawn in colours bright.

Not that I think e'en magic skill could draw
That meaning glance, which I with pleasure saw ;
That look expressive, Nature's pencil drew,
With power more bright, than Genius ever knew.

TO EDWIN.

DEAR Edwin, say if this be true,
The PEACH is fairest fruit with you,
And that you wished to be possessed
Of one, the fairest and the best ;
And that it is your firm intent,
To ask the gardener's consent ?
If so, I do indeed foresee,
This task most difficult will be ;
Because you've fixed your mind upon
The tender, young, beloved, one ;
The one the gardener wished to see,
Still hanging on its parent tree ;
To see that precious youthful bloom,
There flourish fair for days to come,
Sheltered from all the cares and pain
Too oft attached to Hymen's chain.
This, then, perhaps may cause dispute,
And prove the PEACH, *Forbidden Fruit!*

TO AN ABSENT LOVER.


I CANNOT suppose in the hour of deep sorrow,
That thou canst forget me, once dear to thy breast ;
But, oh ! if thou canst, then my hopes of to-morrow,
In deepest oblivion, for ever shall rest.

And when fortune smiles, and her favours bestowing,
Then canst thou forget me, whom heaven designed
To share in those blessings so plenteously flowing,
To join in those comforts, and solace thy mind.

CONTEMPLATIONS IN A GARDEN.

On a Fine Evening.

LIGHTLY do the breezes blow,
At the closing hour of day ;
Nature's charms their sweets bestow,
'Neath Sol's departing ray.



All around me seems to smile,
Nor is my heart oppressed with woe ;
Feathered songsters here beguile,
And gentle waters flow.

Surely this must be a dream ;
Or something more than magic power,
By the side of this sweet stream,
Reigns in twilight's mystic hour.

Art and Genius sweetly twined,
Form a most romantic spot ;
Such, as by a thinking mind,
Can never be forgot.

TO MY BROTHER.

On Leaving Home, and soon afterwards Getting Married.

LONG did my thoughts in anguish dwell,
On that dark and gloomy day,
When thou regardless saidst " Farewell,"
And went away.

Thou knew'st the anguish of my heart,
Thou knew'st it by the mournful sigh ;
I watched thee silently depart,
And felt that every hope must die.

For thou, loved youth, my bosom care
From early infant years,
My heart breathed many a silent prayer,
With sighs and tears ;

That heaven would choicest blessings send,
And from those spheres of light,
Some guardian angel might attend,
And guide thy footsteps right.

As mingled incense should arise,
From breasts that are sincere ;
So this did penetrate the skies,
And heaven did hear,—

And sent the choicest joys of life,
That could descend on man ;
When thou didst call by name of wife
Thy MARY ANNE.

And sister says, like Venus bright ;
Thy lovely girl appeared ;
And that her smile of heavenly light
Thy bosom cheered.

And, as the tender plant which grows,
Requires a fostering care ;
So, guard from every blast that blows,
Thy lovely fair.

And if she'll kindly cherish thee,
And soothe thy rising fears ;
I will her grateful sister be,
Through distant years.

TO EMMA.

How oft oppressed with cares and fears,
The Muse resigns her thoughts and pen
Till some endearing charm appears,
To bring them to their sphere again.

And as the mountain breezes blow,
And as the gentle waters roll ;
So do these humble verses flow,
By Nature's fond control.

Nor shall loved EMMA be forgot,
Whene'er the Muse resumes her flight ;
For oft it's been my pleasing lot,
To mark her beauties with delight.

For she is like some lovely flower,
Come forth to flourish here ;
To shew the beauty and the power,
Of some high sphere.

I watched her little form and mien,
Her manners soft and mild ;
And thought how much like beauty's queen,
Was EMMA, lovely child !

Oh ! may this little floweret rise,
With every grace combined ;
Presenting ever to the skies,
A calm and gentle mind.

THE SHOWER BATH.

Addressed to Miss B.

IN condescension, Oh ! ye Powers divine,
Assist the Muse to draw the gentle line ;
Direct the pencil as it moves along,
Inspire the Poet, and accept the song.

It was MARIA'S calm and rural bower,
Gave birth to meditation's sacred power,
And bade each tender sentiment arise,
In consecrated accents to the skies.

MARIA, quite regardless of repose,
To hail the beauties of the morn, arose ;
Presents to heaven, a calm and grateful mind,
And proves to all a disposition kind.

Her maid, inspired with love, with hope, and fear,
Attends her footsteps, with the tenderest care,
To that retirement, where MARIA'S soul
Feels the full sweetness of divine control.

I saw her much-loved form descending slow
And then beheld the streaming torrents flow ;
With angel sweetness smiling on the scene,
She seemed to welcome every pang of pain.
Like ancient sages when their woes combined,
Proved all the greatness of a heaven-born mind.

REGRET.

How dark is the night, and how sullen the gloom,
And how hard is the heart that has left me alone ;
How blighted the hopes that did flourish and bloom,
For the bosom once fond, is now cold as a stone.

Oh ! forgive me, kind heaven, this anxious desire,
And take me from sorrows so hard to be borne !
Beneath the green sod let me quickly retire,
Since my love did forsake me, my heart is forlorn.

TO A FRIEND,

On returning a Volume of Poems written by a Young Lady.

DEAR Lady, while that book I read,
So kindly lent by you ;
I find a something great indeed,
In every line I view.

And though its author soars so far,
Above my power to trace ;
Yet I admire the brilliant star,
In all her native grace.

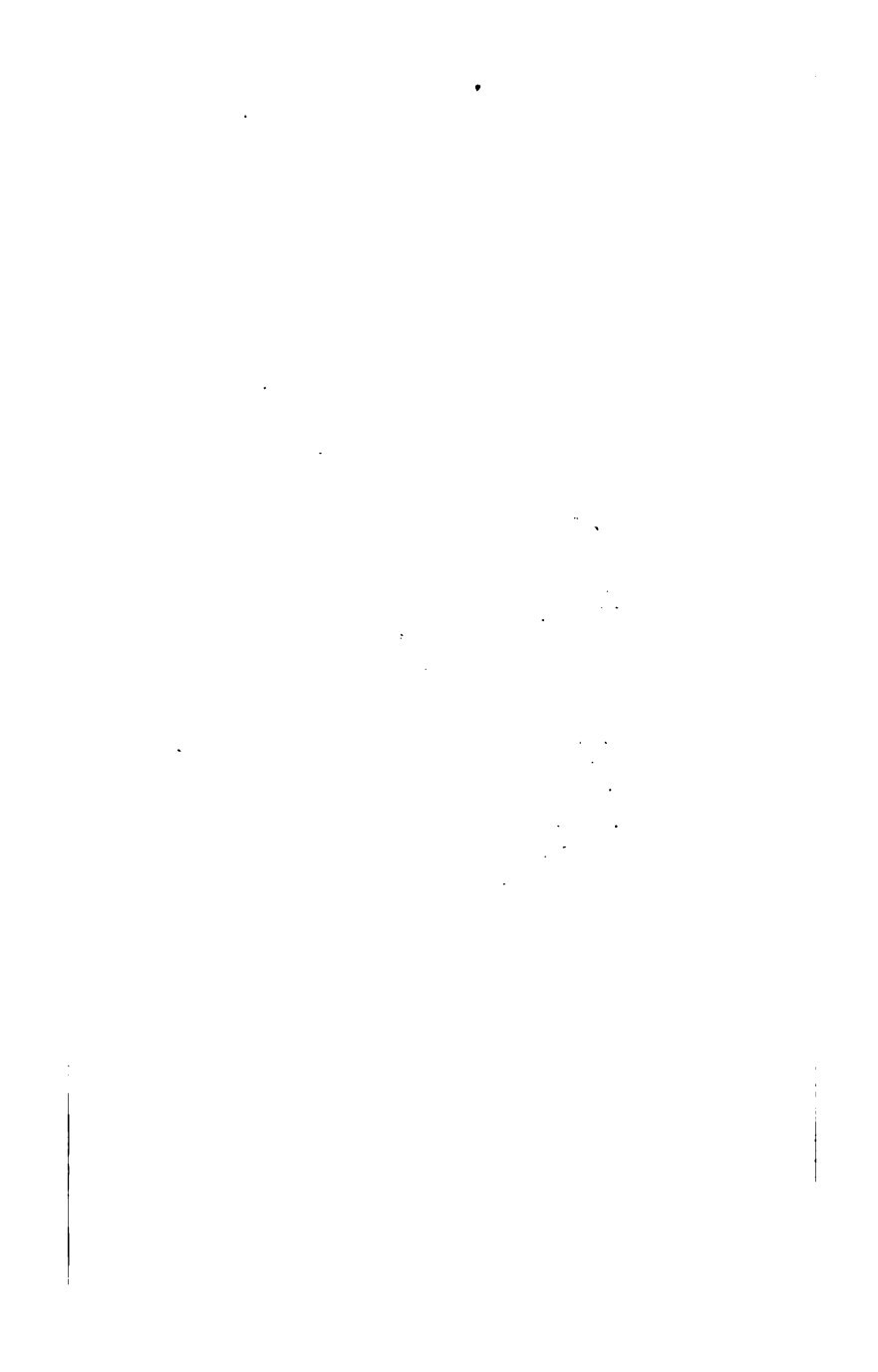
And while I view her classic powers,
Rich as the Indian gem ;
I love to see the beauteous flowers,
That glitter on each stem.

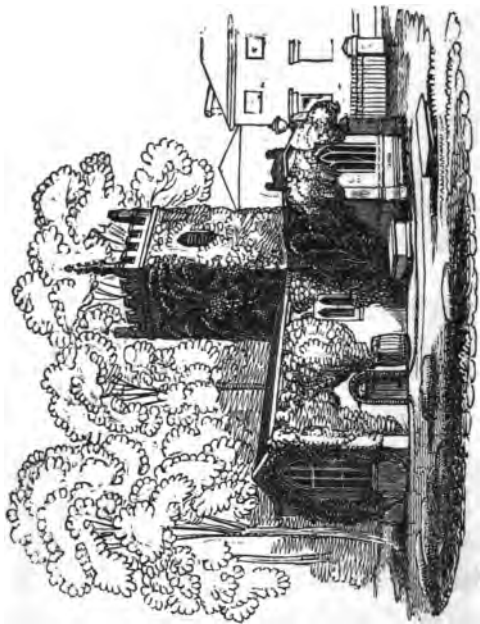
It seems that in her soaring mind,
Where wisdom loves to dwell ;
There's every other charm combined
That forms a magic spell.

ON A BULLFINCH

That used to visit one of the Towers of Derby County Gaol.

I AM glad, little bird, you're possessed of the power
To go where you please, or to sing on the tower,
And not like the prisoners who hear the sweet strain,
Tho' ever so weary, compelled to remain ;
Or the poor little goldfinch who answers your call,
Obliged to reside in a dwelling so small !
Though his seeds and his water be ever so good,
'Tis more pleasant to range in the fields or the wood ;
For Liberty's charms are surprisingly great,
Surpassing the honors of wealth and of state !
For this pleasure who sigh, are not prisoners alone,
The King vainly seeks it, who sits on his throne !
Tho' the laurels of honour around him are twined,
His wishes are captives,—in chains is his mind.





Redeemer Church.

KEDLESTON CHURCH.

If e'er my heart religious truths admired,
Or wished to walk by heaven's all sacred law ;
'Twas when those solemn ancient scenes conspired,
To fix within me reverential awe.

If e'er romantic rural charms combine
To draw the mind, and wandering thoughts compose ;
'Tis where we see the beauteous ivy twine,
Around those peaceful mansions of repose.

Here lie the great, and the illustrious dead ;
Their ancient monuments may still be seen ;
And while the plains of heavenly light they tread,
Still shall their memory be for ever green.

Yes, history tells us of their ancient fame,
How, in succession, they their country served ;
And bids us long revere the CURZON'S name,
A name from honour's path that never swerved.

KEDLESTON HALL,

The Seat of the Right Honourable The Lord Scarsdale.

Most noble mansion ! fond remembrance tells,
That 'neath thy roof goodness with greatness dwells ;
The loved descendants of an honoured line,
Whose deeds in chivalry were wont to shine.
Thy varied beauty striking proof displays,
Of brilliant genius, and of happy days ;
Of days when plenty,—days when pleasure smiled,
And Poets sung “ in happy wood-notes wild.”
When free from care, from sadness, or dismay,
Pure native genius winged its soaring way.

No toil was spared around this beauteous dome,
To mingle grandeur with the charms of home ;
Here peace and plenty found a happy seat,
And yet, in union, own the calm retreat.
Still may that Power which high in heaven reigns,
In peace and safety keep these fair domains.

FROM A WIFE
TO AN UNSYMPATHISING HUSBAND.

I do not know I ever heard
You speak a sympathising word :
I think I never heard you say
The common word of every day.
I never heard you say, " I'm grieved,"
Or wish a pain could be relieved !
I never saw your aspect wear
A sign of pity, or of care !
I never saw you seem to smile,
Like one that would a care beguile ;
A sullen stillness, tends to prove,
The absence of all social love.
And how an union came to be,
'Twixt one so opposite and me
I know not ; but I always deem
'Twas ordered by a Power supreme.
And if it had been heaven's will,
That you had softer feelings still,
Then had our babes been doomed to know,
Above a common share of woe ;

Since that fond sensibility,
Is oft the cause of misery :
They feel not for themselves alone,
For each one's sorrows as their own.
From feelings, so acute as mine,
And sullen stupor such as thine,
There may a mingled medium be,
A barrier to anxiety ;
Oh ! may those much-loved children find,
That blest, that happy state of mind.
But this is not my only prayer,
That they should be so free from care ;
For if their path be shining bright,
Or if they walk in gloom of night,
Or if they in a palace dwell,
Or in a hermit's lowly cell,
All this is but a trivial thing,
Since time is ever on the wing :
As short its sail and quick its flight—
May they pursue with great delight
The path that heaven itself directs,
While Jesus with a smile protects !
May they, at last, with you and me,
Amid the right-hand circles be.

ON A RELIGIOUS CHANGE IN
MY FATHER.

THIS happy change by heavenly power was wrought,
'Twas far above the reach of human thought ;
Hope never dared my fancy to beguile,
With thoughts that mercy on our prayers would smile !
Dear mother saw, hopeless her prayers and tears,
And her unwearied toil, for many years ;
All seemed a dreary, dark, and cheerless gloom,
And joy seemed 'prisoned in a lasting tomb,
But, Oh ! at last, before the throne he knelt,
And deep contrition in his bosom felt,
Ardently prayed till injured mercy smiled,
And he beheld, as with a transport wild,
The sacred hope that beamed within his breast,
And bade him firmly on the Saviour rest.
No more in sin and sorrow doth he roam,—
Content and happy in his peaceful home :

That home, the scene of sadness and of care,
Is now the house of joy, of praise, and prayer!
Most gracious Father may we grateful be,
And dedicate our future lives to thee.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MATLOCK.

YE pleasing scenes to memory dear,
I hail you with a pensive tear,
With feelings not to be expressed,
That mingling centre in my breast!

I viewed you once with more delight,
With cheering hopes and prospects bright;
My youthful heart then little thought
Of ills, with which life's journey's fraught.

'Twas warm with friendship's purest glow,
Ah! little, little, did I know
The cause,—that sweetly pleasing charm,
Would not all other bosoms warm.

I since have found with sad dismay,
Hearts cold as frosty winter's day ;
And oft have sighed when all *alone*,
For this my *once* dear happy *home*.

Ye scenes still beautiful and gay,
So formed to chase life's gloom away ;
A murmuring thought can scarce arise
Amid your bowers of paradise !

Thy charms, dear MATLOCK, still I view,
" Ever pleasing, ever new ;"
Where'er I turn my wandering eyes,
I'm lost in rapture and surprise !

Thy towering TORR shall ever stand,
A monument of Nature's hand ;
And thy own DERWENT spread around
Thy fame, where'er her waves are found.

To thee, dear natal spot, I turn ;
For thee the Poet's lamp shall burn ;
And long as memory holds her seat,
So long I'll praise thy calm retreat.

ON VISITING MATLOCK TO PROCURE
SUBSCRIBERS.

10th August, 1827.

Ah! there is the brook and the woody dell
I loved in early years ;
Sad was the day when I bade them farewell,
With eyes suffused in tears.

And there is the rock, majestic and high,
On which I loved to gaze—
It calls forth the tear, and the tender sigh,
And thoughts of bygone days.

'Twas here in childish glee I strayed ;
Here first I felt Affection's power ;
Here first I loved the greenwood shade,
And sought the calm and lonely bower.

Here met each fond familiar face,
Whose smiles my drooping soul could cheer ;
But they are wrapt in Death's embrace,
And I am lonely wandering here.

But, oh ! my native hills I love,
 Their rural charms I must adore,
 For they in beauty rise above,
 All other scenes on Albion's shore.

'Twas these loved scenes my bosom moved ;
 'Twas here I first essayed the lyre,
 And swept the strings for those I loved,
 And felt sweet Poesy's sacred fire.

“ THE LOVES OF EDWARD BROWNE AND ELLEN
 OF SCORESBY HALL.”

The Incidents taken from the *Literary Magnet*, Vol. I. p. 300.

[At the end of the Tale there is the following Note:—“ This is no airy creation of the Author's brain, but an actual narrative of an event that occurred in the family of the E—— of P——th.”]

THE sun gilt with splendour the day,
 All nature was calm and serene,
 When a youth in a shepherd's array
 At the door of the Snowdon's was seen.

He seemed to have come from afar,
Had a noble and dignified look,
An appearance completely at war
With his shepherd's apparel and crook.

The dark glossy ringlets that fell
Round his manly and beautiful brow,
Though silent, seemed strangely to tell,
That a mystery shaded him now.

His wishes he quickly declared,
And sought at the Hall to remain ;
Soon their kindly affections he shared,
And a duteous servant became. •

Fair Ellen delighted to hush,
If aught rose his lustre to dim,
And would most bewitchingly blush,
When praises were lavished on him.

Fair Ellen ingeniously drew
A sketch of their beautiful land ;
Edward secretly finished the view,
With a noble and masterly hand.

All loved him : his counsel they sought ;
His worth and his genius they knew ;
But in Ellen's fond bosom was wrought
A feeling more tender and true.

And oft he would at Evening-tide
His favorite music play,
And she would sit by the greenwood side
To list to his plaintive lay.

But, ah ! a changeful scene took place,
And sad the Snowdon's doom,
For Ellen came not down to grace
The peaceful breakfast room.

They searched with care through " Scoresby Hall,"
And neighbourhood around ;
But Edward answered not their call,
Nor was fair Ellen found.

While each contrived a different way,
And fears their minds enthrall,
A note arrived, and told that they
Together left the Hall.

Meantime disguised the lovers roam
O'er many a distant hill ;
At length they found a cottage home
Beside a murmuring rill.

There lived an honest, aged, pair,
And Edward seemed their pride ;
They welcomed home the lady fair,
And she became his bride.

And there in that sequestered spot,
Devoid of care and strife,
She blessed her calm contented lot—
A happy labourer's wife.

In sweet seclusion and repose,
Life's current smoothly ran ;
Till some perplexing thoughts arose,
And Edward thus began.

“ Alas ! my dear and lovely wife,
“ My heart's oppressed with care ;
“ I brought thee from the joys of life,
“ Sad poverty to share.”

She said : " Dwell not on such a theme,
" But bid such thoughts adieu ;
" For sure a crust beside a stream
" Is heaven along with you.

" Oh! do not speak in words so sere,
" But trust in bounteous heaven ;
" And hope will lend her shining gear,
" And sacred peace be given."

He said : " we must departing be
" To other scenes of toil,
" Since Ellen loves to share with me
" In fortune's frown or smile."

Away they went o'er hill and dale,
Circuitous their way ;
But many an interesting tale
Beguiled the passing day.

They travelled on by daylight clear,
And through the evening-shade,
And came to where the bounding deer
In sportive numbers played.

And there a noble mansion stood,
With rich and fair domain,
And Edward, whispering, said they should
In future here remain.

He said : " There's one thing I require,
" Dear Ellen, that is all—
" That you will do what they desire
" Within this mansion's wall."

And now they reached the lofty dome,
And Edward went away,
And left her in a lonely room,
In sadness and dismay.

On him she cast no shade of blame,
Still wonder filled her breast ;
But soon some lovely females came,
And her fair form undressed.

They then adorned the wondering fair
With rings of purest gold,
And costly robes and jewels rare,
Most splendid to behold.

Two folding doors were open thrown,
And she was ushered there,
And brilliant grandeur round her shone,
In beauty every where.

And in there came a noble youth ;
She felt a sacred awe,
But sure it was a certain truth,
'Twas Edward that she saw.

And robed and splendidly attired,
A star upon his breast ;
While each beheld him and admired,
He those around addressed :

With beaming smiles upon his brow,
He said, hear this demand :
“ This is your rightful mistress now,
“ You serve at her command.

“ For though in humble, mean array,
“ She came o'er hill and vale,
“ Yet this young lady is to day,
“ The Countess of Rosedale.”

O'erwhelmed with wonder and surprise,
 Into his arms she flew ;
And said, while tears suffused her eyes,
 “ Oh that my parents knew.

He answered : “ Murmur not my dear,
 “ Your trust in heaven repose,
“ For all the loved ones will be here
 “ Before the evening close.

“ And blame me not that I concealed
 “ My wealth and rank from you ;
“ The mystery shall be revealed,
 “ And all my motives, too.

“ A bride of fair and virtuous mould
 “ I sought around to gain—
“ One unallured by rank or gold,
 “ Her mind without a stain.

“ And you in penury have shown
 “ Affection strong and true ;
“ Such sterling worth would grace a throne—
 “ I fear no change with you.


“ You loved me in my shepherd’s dress,
“ When pacing hill and vale ;
“ And now my future life will bless,
“ As Countess of Rosedale.”

A faithful messenger he’d got,
A man of rueful mien,
Who told her friends, he’d mark the spot
Where Ellen might be seen.

With him o’er distant hills they ranged,
And neither ate nor slept,
Expecting that the fair estranged,
In mournful penance wept.

At last they reached a noble dome,
Yet knew not how to deem
That this could e’er be Ellen’s home,
Or was it all a dream.

The folding doors were open thrown,
And they were ushered there ;
And gorgeous splendour round them shone,
In grandeur, every where.



And in the Count and Countess came,
In rich and gay attire ;
But fond affection's purest flame
Did every breast inspire.


And there they stayed with hearts elate,
And gratitude sincere,
And dwelt upon the Count's estate
For many a happy year.

And now we've told the full amount
Of all our truthful tale,
In peace we leave the noble Count
And Countess of Rosedale.

TO MR. L. M. T.

On Reading his Sacred Poems, &c.

I READ your sweet pages with pleasing delight ;
They will be to the youthful as mirrors of light,
Portraying the fatal delusions of sin,
And proving that peace never centres therein.



To the juvenile mind they faithfully show
The pathway that leads to the regions of woe,
And all the deep windings of folly's dark maze,
That sicken the heart as we anxiously gaze ;
How vanity's worthless allurements can smile,
And the poison of adders envenom the while.
They show that " the way of transgressors is hard,"
And a death that's eternal its certain reward ;
They point to the path which is narrow and sure,
To the peace and the joy that will ever endure ;
They tell of the bliss of that happier land,
Where the ranks of the faithful in beauty shall stand ;
And show in the regions of pleasure and rest,
The eternal reward of the holy and blest.

LINES

On the Death of my Eldest Brother.

FAREWELL, dear brother, fare-thee-well !
How sad the thought that we must sever—
To hear that deeply tolling bell,
That tells that thou art gone for ever.

Friend of my earliest, happiest hours,
And art thou, then, for ever gone ?
Who strew'dst life's path with fairest flowers
My eyes had ever gazed upon.

For thou wert dearly loved on earth,
Yet never strove that love to win ;
But genius bright, and sterling worth,
Dwelt in thy heart as sisters twin.

Oft did thy pensive bosom heave
With pitying sighs for others' doom,
Unconscious that the Muse would weave
So soon a wreath around thy tomb.

TO MR. AND MRS. B.

On the Death of their Beloved Daughter.

How mournful the woes that o'ershadow the mind,
In their dark and gloomy hue ;
When bereavement and anguish together are twined,
And the joys and the hopes of our bosoms we find
Expire in the mournful adieu.

Adieu, little floweret that dwelt in the shade,
With thy modesty, beauty, and bloom ;
We mourn that the charms on thy aspect portrayed,
The sweets that thy sensitive mind hath displayed,
Are sunk in the silent tomb.

We mourn thy departure with tender regret,
That darkens the future with woe ;
That bids the bright sun of prosperity set,
With a pitiful gloom that we ne'er can forget,
While wandering in sadness below.

But " there is a land of purest delight"—
Eternal its pleasures shall be !
In the ranks of the happy, the peaceful, and bright,
We shall meet thee arrayed in thy vesture of white,
And mingle our praises with thee.

If still in thy innocent pathway we tread,
Our guardian the Saviour of heaven ;
Though earth with its gayest illusions hath fled,
And our hopes and our joys are decayed with the dead,
Still sacred peace shall be given.

But deep in our memory still shall remain
Thy loveliness, sweetness, and worth ;
Thy patient enduring of sorrow and pain,
So sweetly resembling the Lamb that was slain—
This lovely sweet floweret of earth.

TO MY SISTER, MRS. T.

On the Death of her Husband.

MOURN not, dear Judith, for that spirit bright,
That lives immortal on that blissful shore,
That bathes in seas of calm unclouded light,
And lives but to enjoy and to adore.

Thou could'st not wish that spirit to return,
Could it have been according to thy wish,
To this sad scene, where man is made to mourn,
And share the anguish of a world like this.

Thou wert the altar where he ever laid
His fond affections, and his earthly pride ;
But he to heaven his sacred homage paid,
With joy remembering that his Saviour died !

'Twas heaven that gave this precious gem to thee,
And led you kindly with unerring hand,
O'er distant mountains and the raging sea,
And brought you safely to your native land.

And though dark mystery hovers round each scene,
And memory tells of pleasures passed away,
And sorrow reigns in all her wild extreme,
And in thy pensive bosom bears the sway :

Yet there is hope to mourning pilgrims given—
A star of pure and calm and lightful glee ;
And there's a voice that kindly speaks from heaven—
“ Put all thy trust and confidence in Me.”

This is the charm that cheers the pensive breast,
Howe'er the storm of sorrow may assail ;
This is the Rock on which the pilgrims rest,
Cheering their passage through this dreary vale.

And may you still be kept at Jesu's feet,
And those sweet orphans tread the narrow way ;
And all at last their sainted father meet,
To live for ever in eternal day.

ON HOPE.

SWEET Hope! lovely Star, from a loftier clime,
We hail her pure magical glow ;
She seems like a white winged angel of time—
Though her birth is immortal we know.

She beams in the eye of our beautiful Queen,
With radiance and rapture profound,
And she smiles in her lovely aspect serene,
And gladdens the nations around.

But Hope lives not alone in the mighty domain,—
Nor with rich ones only abide ;
She dwells in the breast of the labouring swain,
If he trusts in the Saviour that died.

She passes not by the poor cottager's door,
In the darkness and gloom of the night,
But her element is to reside with the poor,
“ Arrayed in her vesture of white.”

She is a fair sprite of the elder time,
The dark night's waning moon,
Descending to man since the birth of crime,
As heaven's imperial boon.

She beamed on the ancients in perilous times,
With a splendour cheering and bright,
And when the dark world was besprinkled with crimes,
She shone like an angel of light.

Even then were a few like gems of the sod,
Their business was fasting and prayer ;
They feared not to die, but they trusted in God,
And this seraph of sweetness was there.

There's no region on earth so dreary and dark,
No desert so bleak and so wild,
But there she can steer with her friendly bark,
And her influence soft and mild.

She dwells in affliction's mournful scene,
When the eye is upward gleaming,
When the body is pressed with anguish keen,
And the soul with gladness beaming.

And she glides with them through the shadow of death,
With a pure and lightful ray,
Till their brows are adorned with a brighter wreath
In the realms of endless day.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WITH A
BLIGHTED FLOWER IN HER HAND.

She held in her hand a blighted flower,
And in tones of tender dismay,
She seemed to mourn that time had power,
To wither sweet beauty away.

I felt in my heart an answering care,
A feeling of tender regret,
That time will blight that face so fair,
And wither those locks of jet.

But may that innocence which now
Is o'er her heart pervading,
Still form a wreath around her brow,
When youthful charms are fading.

May he who waits with watchful eye
The smiles of her decision ;
Be such as angels from the sky
May smile on each petition.

As incense, towards a blissful land,
Shall rise the Muse's prayer ;
That some delightful spirit band,
May watch that maiden fair.

ON A LADY LEAVING HER HOME.

THERE is a wound that stingeth,
Though fortune seems to smile ;
And a mournful cloudlet flingeth
O'er all that would beguile.

A changeful tale it telleth—
A tale of by-gone years—
Deep in the heart it dwelleth,
Like sunshine set in tears.

And when the bosom heaveth
With sad and painful sigh,
In memory's warp it weaveth
Fond thoughts of things gone by.

Though a lovely sunbeam shineth
On the pathway where you roam,
Yet your bosom inly pineth
For your own dear native home.

Sweet nuptial joy returneth,
And pleasures gaily smile ;
Yet still your bosom yearneth
Towards that ancient pile.

Where the song-bird sweetly singeth
On many a well known spray ;
And the lovely floweret springeth
Round that home in its decay ;

And your anxious prayer ascendeth
To the sphere of regal light ;
And some spirit band descendeth,
Round the home of your delight.

For He, who fondly careth
For his loved ones, when they pray,
In tender mercy spareth
This old home in its decay.

EDWIN AND ALINDA.

A STRANGER was out in the gloom of night,
Exposed to the pitiless storm,
When he saw by the glittering moonbeam's light,
A slender and beautiful form.

'Twas Alinda, whose heart was o'ercharged with grief,
And she said in a sorrowful tone :
" There's nought upon earth that can give me relief,
" So I wander in sadness alone."

The stranger replied, " Ah ! but this is the hour,
" When innocent beauty should sleep ;
" Then who can possess such a magical power,
" To cause thee to wander and weep."

“ ’Twas Edwin I loved with affection and truth,
“ And this is the source of my care ;
“ ’Tis this that consigns the bright hours of my youth
“ To the anguish of settled despair.

“ Once bright were the sunbeams that shone on this spot,
“ And sweet seem'd the flowerets that grew ;
“ And joy brightly beamed on my peaceable lot,
“ For Edwin was constant and true.

“ We wandered the groves and the meadows along,
“ And we sat in the lonely bower,
“ And we listened at eve to the nightingale's song,
“ And sweet was its soothing power.

“ But nature now wears a deep saddening gloom—
“ A cloud o'er bright pleasure is hurled ;
“ For Edwin now sleeps in the desolate tomb,
“ And I am alone in the world.”

The stranger then answered: “ Ah! sad was the scene,
“ When you saw your loved Edwin depart ;
“ How tender and strong must the union have been,
“ Thus to wring with deep anguish your heart.”

“ I did not behold my dear Edwin expire,
“ For he was across the deep sea ;
“ But I heard the sad news from my own belov'd sire,
“ Who wept as he told it to me.”

The stranger then said: “ But the news was unfounded,
“ For in me you behold your lost Edwin once more,
“ And he comes with sweet pleasure and gladness un-
bounded,
“ To claim his Alinda on his own native shore.”

HENRY AND ELLEN.

THERE was a maiden wandering round
A lone and silent grave,
As though her peace was only found,
Where the dark yew branches wave.

Or rather that her peace had fled,
With all its charms away,
And that amidst the silent dead,
Her only treasure lay.

The Muse beheld the heaving sigh,
The sad and pensive air ;
And eager asked the reason why
These marks of sad despair.

She said, in accents deep and low,
“ My griefs must lasting be,
“ ’Twas heaven that dealt the mournful blow,
“ That blights this world to me.

“ For underneath this stone is laid
“ A youth of modest worth—
“ The only charm this world displayed,
“ That bound my heart to earth,

“ Mine, was, indeed, a wealthy dome,
“ A wide and fair domain ;
“ His was a lowly cottage home
“ Upon the rural plain.

“ His mind was of gigantic mould,
“ His form of beauty rare ;
“ Mindless of titles or of gold,
“ My love had centred there.

“ An answering love inspired his breast,
“ And mutual vows were made ;
“ And heaven beheld how truly blest
“ We paced the silent shade.

“ But soon some muttering envy brought
“ Our secret love to light,
“ And my distracted father sought
“ To hide me from his sight.

“ And I was close confined each day—
“ Of every hope denied ;
“ Whilst he in secret pined away,
“ Then sickened, drooped, and died.

“ And here they laid his much-loved form, ^c
“ Where the dark yew branches wave ;
“ And here I come each night and morn,
“ To wander round his grave.”

She ceased, and while her lovely eyes
Did with sad tears o'erflow,
I felt an answering feeling rise,
Of deep and secret woe.

I bade the lovely girl farewell,
And left the lonely vale ;
But oft will busy memory tell
Of Ellen's mournful tale.

And after years had passed away,
I sought in vain around—
For lo! the lovely Ellen lay
Beneath the mouldering ground.

It was for love this maiden died ;
When worn by grief away,
She begged that by her Henry's side
Might rest her sleeping clay.

And here in silence they repose,
Each in the peaceful grave ;
And here I muse upon their woes,
Where the dark yew branches wave.

TO A FRIEND, * * * *

You have a native genius, sir ;
 'Tis of a brilliant kind,
Wrought by that power which cannot err—
 Deep centred in the mind.

And ever watchful you have been—
 To hide this treasure given :
To keep this sacred gem unseen,
 This mighty gift of heaven.

Will not that Sovereign Power demand,
 As in the days of yore,
That you fulfil its great command,
 And scatter all your store ?

Why should you wrap in silent gloom,
 Each brilliant page of yours ;
Why not those lovely flowerets bloom,
 Whose beauty e'er endures.

Why must their beauties sink in night,
Or in oblivion's tomb,
The rays of whose immortal light,
Could guide the wanderer home.

THE REPLY.

YOU think a precious gem to me
Of poesy is given,
Which, like a brilliant star of eve,
That decks the vault of heaven,

Would guide the wanderer to his home,
That lies beyond the skies ;
But that enwrap in silent gloom,
The heavenly gift now lies.

Had I, my friend, your sylvan lyre,
Of soft and dulcet sound,
With skill to touch each tuneful wire,
I'd made the groves resound

With strains as sweet as nightingale,
When, at the close of day,
She warbles forth in silent vale
Her deeply plaintive lay.

'Tis true I sometimes feel the beam
Of heavenly love inspire,
And, raptured by some sacred theme,
With trembling, touch the lyre.

And if my humble, plaintive lays
Will soothe the bleeding heart,
Or cheer in dark and stormy days,
I'd freely with them part.

For I revere heaven's high command,
Given in the days of yore,
And would obey its just demand,
And scatter all my store.

Oh! that on yon ethereal plains,
When earthly griefs expire,
We both may sing immortal strains,
And tune the golden lyre.

Go on, fair Bard, and chant your lays,
To stem the mourner's tear,
And may the Poet's brightest bays
Entwine your temples here.

Time's circling wheels with fleetness move,
Life's race will soon be run ;
May yours, without a cloud above,
Close like the setting sun.

B. E.

STANZAS

Addressed to * *, on his requesting Mrs. C. not to tell any one
that he could write Poetry.

AND must I, my friend, never tell any one
Of the charms of that silvery lyre—
Its sweetness, its brightness, its magical tone—
But ponder and think as I wander alone,
And in silence its wonders admire ?

I know that you wish them in stillness to keep,
And oblivion to cover your name—
Like gems that have sunk to the fathomless deep,
You would nestle those masterly honours to sleep,
Eluding your threatening fame.

But great is the power that bright genius entwined,
And like sun-beams from sages before,
Immortal they'll glow with a splendour refined,
And sweet be the beams to the desolate mind,
And nations their beauties adore.

You may soar in deep silence alone for a time,
If it seem a desirable thing ;
But time immemorial shall tell how divine,
How sacred the power of those pages sublime,
And bright gleams round your memory fling.

But I hope that you will this great freedom excuse
From one who is humble and low,
It flows from the pen of the wondering muse,
Whilst wishing you would your bright treasures diffuse,
And allow them in sunlight to glow.

They are plants of the skies and for ever will bloom ;
They droop not, and will not decay ;
They waste not in deserts their fragrant perfume,
They shrink not in night, nor remain in the gloom,
But bright and eternal their day.

And may you be blest in the course you've begun,
Through this dark world of sorrowful night ;
May your pathway be clear as the rays of the sun,
And then after hearing the sound of " Well done,"
Be a star in the regions of light.

THE REPLY.

On reading your bright and harmonious lines,
I confess I am struck with amaze ;
The elegant wreath which your fancy entwines—
Such neatness, such beauty, such sweetness combines—
Ah ! what temples are worthy such bays ?

A Milton and Young, with their genius and fire,
 May encircle with glory a name ;
Montgomery, with richly-toned silvery lyre,
And Wordsworth, and Moore, whom the Muses inspire,
 May stand high in the temple of fame ;

And you my fair friend, with your numbers so sweet,
 Which charm like the nightingale's song,
May gain in that temple a favourite seat,
And receive the applause which to talent is meet,
 From a pleased and wondering throng.

But I, who chant only to soothe a sad hour
 When the heart is deep stricken with woe,
Can ne'er be supposed, like the eagle to soar,
When she basks in the sun's meridian power,
 Astonishing myriads below.

When the trumpet of God shall be heard from afar,
 And the dead from their graves shall arise,
When the sun shall be stopped in his golden car,
And darkened the moon, and each beautiful star,
 And the Judge shall appear in the skies :

May you hear Him pronounce from his radiant throne,
In accents benignantly sweet,
The gracious approval and plaudit "Well done,"
And receive at His hands immortality's crown,
And take in His kingdom your seat.

May I, though unworthy an honour so great,
Join the bright and immaculate throng,
And gaze on the hands, and the side, and the feet,
Of the Saviour of men, and his praises repeat,
In heaven's sweet and symphonious song.

B. E.

STANZAS IN REPLY,

BY MRS. COLLIER.

O YES, you can chant, sir, to soothe a sad hour,
When the heart is deep-stricken with woe—
Enchaining the soul with a forcible power,
Which none but the sensitive know.

Like a rainbow that gilds the terrors of storm,
Dispersing the darkness and gloom,
These musical records of peace, heaven-born,
Can brighten our path to the tomb.

They're streamlets that flow from the life-giving well,
They are sunlights from regions above ;
They 'twine round the heart like a magical spell,
And inspire it with wisdom and love.

We read them with joy in the desolate hour,
When the bosom with anguish is riven ;
And we feel all the force of their beauty and power,
As they point to the glories of heaven.

We think upon them in the gloom of the night
When darkness and sorrow combine—
When friends have forsaken, and foes all unite,
For then is their splendour divine.

We read them again in bereavement and woe,
When our anguish is dreary and deep ;
And they tell of the balm that so sweetly shall flow,
And the land where the faithful shall meet.

And when the bright sun of prosperity shines,
And our bosoms are cheered by the glow,
We dwell with delight on those beautiful lines,
And sweet are the pleasures that flow.

'Tis the Volume of Truth sweetly sung by the Muse,
In strains that are lofty and bright ;
Inspiring the heart, and expanding the views,
And leading to regions of light.

Nor * *, nor all the harmonious train,
That seem like the eagle to soar,
Can sing in a sweeter or loftier strain,
Or mightier wonders explore.

Inspired by the Great, and the Wise, and Supreme,
With a mind that is clear and sublime ;
So sacred the power of each heart-cheering theme,
We love them because they're divine.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S.

AND is she, then, for ever gone,
That dearest, most beloved one,
The beam of whose enchanting smile
Could darkest, deepest woes beguile ;
By high and low, by wise and good,
Alike her worth was understood ;
For she was like a brilliant star,
That sheds its lustre bright and far ;
E'en o'er the luckless in despair,
She watched with guardian angels' care :
Long must the muse her loss deplore,
Deep be the wailings of the poor.
Her soul for friendship sweetly formed,
With bright intelligence adorned ;
And every other grace conjoined,
That could inspire a heaven-born mind.
Her life was like a sun-bright beam—
Our loss is sorrow's wild extreme.

“ But why lament in plaintive lay,
“ Since she is gone to realms of day,

“ Where Time’s unnumbered woes are o’er,
“ And tears suffuse the eyes no more ;
“ Rather rejoice her sainted spirit,
“ The world of glory doth inherit ;
“ For on the plains immortal now,
“ A crown of life adorns her brow ;
“ The palm victorious now she bears,
“ And robes of snowy whiteness wears.
“ Beyond the reach of sin and pain,
“ Refined from every earthly stain,
“ Freely she roves those blissful isles,
“ Where radiant gladness ever smiles ;
“ With Seraphim attunes her lyre,
“ And sings with heaven’s melodious choir.
“ The Saviour’s love her constant theme ;
“ His smile a bright unclouded beam ;
“ There, where unmingled pleasures flow,
“ She waits for them she loved below.”

With sweet remembrance of her worth,
Whose name was dear to us on earth ;
With calm submission to that Power,
Which cheers in sorrow’s heaviest hour ;
We pay this tribute of a last farewell ;
But green in memory must she ever dwell.

STANZAS,

Addressed to Mr. B.

THE young and the blooming repose with the dead,
We remember them lovely and bright ;
But our prospects are drear, our pleasures are fled—
We are left in the gloom of the night.

The brightest of hopes round our spirits had clung,
Through this dark world of sorrow and care,
As we gazed on the face of the lovely and young,
And sweetness and pleasure were there.

But dark are the clouds that o'ershadow the breast,
And deep are the woes of to-day ;
Time's flight cannot nestle our anguish to rest—
'Tis bitter and does not decay.

Our pathway is drear, as we wander alone,
Reflecting on pleasures decayed ;
The stars of the evening, and beautiful moon,
Seem wrapt in a sorrowful shade.

E'en the bright orb of day cannot gladden us now,
As we gaze upon beauty and bloom ;
The heart is grief-stricken, and mournful the brow,
And we think of the desolate tomb.

All shrink in the darkness of sorrowful night,
As we ponder on moments gone by ;
The joys that inspired us, the hopes that were bright,
All sicken, and wither, and die.

But we know that their spirits are soaring on high,
And bright and immortal their home ;
'Tis religion's sweet power can suppress the deep sigh,
" And gild with a sun-beam their tomb."

REFLECTIONS

On Autumn and the approach of Winter.

AH! we hear not the sound of the song-birds now,
In their sweetly plaintive strain ;
A gloom seems imprinted on nature's wild brow,
As we gaze on the hill and plain.

The flowerets of spring have all faded away,
With their fragrance, beauty, and bloom ;
The charms of the summer are gone to decay,
And past is the autumnal moon.

The leaflets that hung in their towering pride,
Are dropped, with a changing hue ;
The streamlets that flowed with a murmuring tide,
Seem joyless and cheerless to view.

And the hollow wind moans its matutinal lay,
And seems in sad accents to tell,
That a gloom shall encircle the close of the day,
And the chime of the evening bell.

For there seems a deep knell in the Winter's wrath,
Of all the gay season's now fled,
Of all the bright gleams that encircled our path,
And the joys that are withered and dead.

Like a wizard unseen, at midnight's still hour,
Is the dark wind's boding theme ;
And we think upon wealth, and beauty, and power,
And they seem like a fairy dream.

It reminds us of Life, and its transient day—
Of Death, and its terrible doom—
How we gazed with delight on the young and the gay,
And they sunk to the silent tomb.

And when the light breaks from the angry sky,
It falls upon tempest and storm ;
And we look with a sad and tearful eye
Upon Nature, whom whirlwinds deform.

The clouds are drear ; and the lowing herd
Are pacing the lonely plain ;
And the chirp of the sacred household bird
Is proclaiming wild Winter's reign,

And a gloom seems imprinted on every face,
And sadness on every brow ;
For famine sits brooding in many a place,
And threatening destruction e'en now.

Ah ! deep is the gloom that appears to the eye,
Like war-notes the pitiless storm ;
And we think of the day-star that shines from the sky,
And the peace that is heaven-born.

And we pray to the Mighty, the Father of Light,
That His sacred peace may be given ;
And we'll cheerfully pass through the gloom of the
night,
And the storms may still rage in their terror and might,
For our hopes they are centred in heaven.

TO THE AUTHORESS,

On the death of her eldest Daughter. By a Friend.

AND is your bosom with deep anguish wrung—
Your sylvan harp upon the willows hung—
A sombre pall o'er every joy outspread—
Because Selina's numbered with the dead?
Torn from a tender husband's faithful arms
In sprightly youth, and faded all her charms,
No more her cheeks with blushing roses vie,
But pale and wan, stript of their vermil dye.
Her eyes, that beamed with kindness and delight,
Now dim, and shrunk, and closed in sable night;
Her voice, no longer heard in accents sweet;
Her heart, congealed to ice, has ceased to beat;
Her deathless spirit left its marble clay,
And fled to regions of unclouded day.
Oh! may her husband meet her on that shore,
Where death shall part and sickness blight no more.
And may you, too, in heaven Selina greet,
And cast your diadems at Jesu's feet.

B. E.

TO MRS. P.

On the death of her Infant.

I MOURN for the sad and pitiful view
You took when your cherub of beauty withdrew.
She glanced but on earth as a streamlet of light,
And cared not to stay in this region of blight.
She came, as a floweret, to live for a time,
Then left you, to bloom in a loftier clime ;
And is robed with celestial loveliness now,
The laurels of victory gracing her brow :
A victory gained by the Holy One's death—
“ 'Tis finished,” He said, as He yielded his breath ;
In life He pronounced such sweet Innocents blessed,
And died to procure them the mansions of rest.
If longer she lived in this region below,
She might have drank deep of its anguish and woe ;
By cares and misfortunes she might have been pressed,
And wounded the hearts that had loved her the best.
She might have been moral, and wealthy, and wise,
Yet never have sought the unspeakable prize.
She might have been lovely, and blooming, and gay,
Yet far might have roamed from the royal pathway.

At last might have missed of the heavenly abode,
And never have reached the bright presence of God.
But now landed safe in the haven of rest,
She smiles on the shores of the holy and blest ;
And safe in those regions eternally bright,
She waits your admission with watchful delight.
Then why, lovely one, should you weep and repine ,
'Tis easy to see 'twas in mercy divine,
To take your sweet cherub from sorrowful night,
And place it a seraph in realms of delight.
Then, mourn not for Esther, but bow to the sway
Of that Power that can chase the dark cloudlets away.
In the blood of the Saviour there's comfort and rest,
Then wash in the fountain and lean on his breast ;
Then angels shall guard you on earth while you stay,
And waft you at last to the heavens away ;
Where, free from all anguish, and sorrow and pain,
You shall live with your sweet Esther Emma again ;
Where parting shall never the bosom corrode,
“ Nor a cloud ever shade the bright throne of your God.”

AN EULOGIUM.

I ASKED the fair lily and sweet blushing rose,
If aught in creation such beauties disclose ;
They answered : “ O yes, there are features as fair,
Contained in the beautiful poems of Eyre.”

I asked Philomela, the song-bird of night,
If strains sweet as hers could the bosom excite ;
She answered : “ O yes, there are pleasures as rare,
In chanting the beautiful poems of Eyre.”

I asked the bright stars that illumine the night,
If aught could more cheer the lone traveller's sight ;
They answered : “ There's nothing to vie with us dare,
Excepting the beautiful poems of Eyre.”

I asked the still lake which the zephyrs did kiss,
If nature produced aught so lovely as this ;
She answered me : “ Yes, there are charms to compare,
Contained in the beautiful poems of Eyre.”

I asked the dew-drops from night's moistening shade,
If nature had aught still more gentle portrayed ;
They answered me : " Yes—still more gentle and fair,
The spirit that breathes in the poems of Eyre."

I asked the bright sun, in his radiant might,
What else upon earth was so cheering and bright ;
He heard me, and hastened with joy to declare :
" The light that beams forth from the poems of Eyre."

I asked my own heart, in its anguish and woe,
If aught could delight in this region below ;
It answered me : " Yes, the sweet charm for despair,
In reading the beautiful poems of Eyre."

TO A BENEVOLENT LADY.

'Tis of you, lovely lady, with gladness I sing,
Inspired by the welcome returning of spring ;
As the violet that grows in the loneliest dale,
And modestly sheds its perfume on the gale ;
As the song bird in solitude chants its sweet strain,
To the forest's deep wild or the far retired plain,
Where nature is smiling, and sunbeams are bright,
And spanglets are gemming the bosom of night :
These charms so romantic are circling round,
Where the eye of inspection so seldom is found.
So would you, lovely lady, most gladly retire,
From those who esteem you and those who admire ;
Would stop the sweet carols that chant of your fame,
And hide the bright laurels that twine round your name.
But the more you attempt your kind acts to conceal,
The more will the tongue of the grateful reveal ;
And your name shed an odour of sweetest perfume,
And a chaplet unfading be placed on your tomb.

I saw you, fair lady, in life's loveliest hours,
And classed you, with pleasure, 'midst earth's brightest
flowers :

And now I behold you in life's lovely noon,
For the flower that was budding has ripened to bloom ;
And I see the sweet charms of benevolence shine,
Where dignity, greatness, and goodness combine.

ON A SNOWDROP.

HAIL! little flower, of modest mien,
Thy presence seems to bring
A power, to soothe with joy serene—
Sweet herald of the spring !

May no rude northern blast arise,
To cause thy early doom ;
But still beneath the cloudless skies,
With lovely Charlotte bloom.

And while she marks thy spotless white,
And loves thy silvery bell,
May innocence, as pure as light,
Deep in her bosom dwell.

May no sad power, with winning wiles,
Assail her guileless heart,
And, 'neath the charms of 'witching smiles,
The dagger's wound impart.

For this would cast a mournful gloom
O'er every heartfelt joy ;
- And those who watched her floweret bloom,
Would sicken, droop, and die.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

O ! YES, I will search for the land of the blest,
Will esteem it my privilege, too ;
The Saviour has purchased that region of rest,
And bright is the prospect in view.


I will fervently sue for the peace that can bring
A sunshine eternal and pure ;
For then I can smile at ingratitude's sting,
And calmly its anguish endure.

I will anxiously search for the land of delight,
Admonished by friendship sincere ;
For my pathway on earth is drear as the night,
And mingled with sorrow and fear.

O ! yes, I will search for the land that's afar,
Where the loved ones of earth are reclining,
That needs not the sun nor the light of a star,
But glory immortal is shining.

I will carefully search for that region sublime,
Through the blood of the crucified One ;
And when I arrive at that beautiful clime,
Will forget the dark woes and the changes of time,
Or record them as mercies by-gone.

And friendship, so sweetly now blooming on earth,
And cheering this valley below,
Will ripen to love in the land of its birth,
Unmingled with sorrow or woe.



All things being dross which the Muse can compare
To the joys of that Eden of rest ;
She means to pursue, by faith, patience, and prayer,
Her way to the land of the blest.

TO MISS C.

Written for her Lover, when in Dying Circumstances.

AH ! me, the spring is coming now,
With his robes of living green ;
But there's a sadness on my brow,
As I view the lovely scene.

When I see the sunbeams shining,
On the smiling face of day,
And I in youth am pining,
And yielding to decay ;


When I hear the song-birds singing,
In tones of gladsome glee,
Each sound seems to be bringing
Some fearful news to me.

I must leave you, dearest mother—
Must see your face no more ;
But, oh ! there is another
Clings to my fond heart's core.

I could leave all earthly pleasure—
All youthful joys resign ;
But my sweet, my sacred treasure
Is my dearest Caroline.

Oh ! then let it be your duty,
To protect this maiden fair ;
Let her innocence and beauty
Be your fond and special care.

And when in death I'm sleeping,
By heaven's imperial will,
May angel-guards be keeping
Their watch around her still.



TO MISS P.

The Authoress's Cousin.

How dark are the clouds that hang over my path—
Not a gleam of bright sunshine I see ;
But drear as the gloom of wild winter's wrath,
Is the face of the future to me.

Farewell to the charms of those bright sunny hours,
That are now passed for ever away—
To the joys that were gathered from friendship's fair
flowers,
For they sink in a mournful decay.

Ah! strong was the spell, lovely maiden that bound us—
Its magic, I thought, was affection and truth ;
Oh! why, then, be changed by the scenes that
surround us—
Can Dinah forget the fond friend of her youth ?

I watched thee with pleasure in life's early morning,
And saw the sweet blossom in beauty expand ;
Was grateful to nature, whose hand was adorning
My favorite floweret, the pride of the land.

But I thought that religion, with precepts so holy,
Its sway o'er thy sensitive mind would extend ;
Then why pass by those who are humble and lowly,
And cast a dark withering glance at thy friend.


ON THE DEATH

OF THE AUTHORESS'S UNCLE.

FAREWELL, fond hope ! since thou hast disappeared,
With him who once our drooping spirits cheered ;
For he was like the sun's enlivening ray—
Bright as the morning, cheerful as the day.
Born on a spot where rural beauties smiled,
They gave his heart a transport sweet and mild ;

Like the dear charms of that delightful scene,
His mind was calm, his aspect was serene.
Romantic vale ! so formed to please the heart,
Thou could'st sweet raptures to his soul impart.
He loved the gems that graced his native sod,
And looked with wondering eye to nature's God.
And oft he would in pleasing accents say—
“ Here native grandeur holds her towering sway.”
’Twas there he blest the sphere in which he moved—
’Twas there he died lamented and beloved.
His soul was noble, generous, and kind,
Sound wisdom centred in his noble mind ;
His plans were laid in wisdom's purest form,
To guard the wretched from each threatening storm.
He was a father to the fatherless,
A help to those in sadness and distress ;
Oft have we seen him at the close of day,
To every kindred's dwelling find his way ;
There, with affection's sweet and soothing power,
He strove to cheer each solitary hour ;
At his approach their sadness passed away,
And all was lively as the rising day.
That form descending to the silent tomb,
Leaves Matlock wrapt in solitude and gloom.

But still shall live his pure and lasting fame,
And shed the sweetest incense round his name :
For his was faith, and penitence, and prayer,
And, lo ! the sacred peace of God was there.
And are those eyes now closed in silent night,
That used to beam with kindly lustre bright ?
And has that heart for ever ceased to beat,
That was affection's throne and friendship's seat ?
And still for ever that once cheerful tongue,
O'er which, enraptured, we so often hung,
But though his form has sunk into the tomb,
His soul has gained a bright celestial home.
And now he lives on that immortal shore,
Where pain and anguish can afflict no more ;
And to the Saviour tunes his ceaseless song,
Commingling sweetly with the blood-washed throng ;
And now that bright intelligence shall wear
Its native garb, and breathe its native air.
Oh ! may we, guided by Jehovah's hand,
Pursue our journey to that peaceful land ;
And when released from earthly toil and care,
With gladness join his ransomed spirit there.



TO MRS. W.

You'RE welcome to my cottage home,
You dear and much-loved friend ;
And round your pathway, when you come,
May angel guards attend.

And blessings on the youthful train
That you will kindly bring ;
And welcome is the gentle strain
The happy Muse will sing.

'Tis not the station that you hold,
That binds my heart to you ;
'Tis kindred feeling, more than gold—
'Tis friendship, deep and true.

Let not the blighting world destroy
This plant of lovely bloom ;
'Twill flourish fair without alloy,
And live beyond the tomb.


TO MRS. P.

An Esteemed Friend.

FAIN would the Muse, in her humble lay,
By affection alone inspired,
With joy her grateful tribute pay
To her, who charms her heart by day,
And cheers her when retired.

For she is good, and lovely, too,
And can the heart beguile ;
Hope seems to wear some feature new,
And brings some pleasing charm to view,
Whene'er she deigns to smile.

And like the morning sweet and fair,
That comes with a cloudless atmosphere,
Her charms appear to be ;
Or like the sun's enchanting ray,
That, dawning on the breast of day,
Inspires the heart with glee.



So sweetly formed to cheer the sight,
She never thinks of fame ;
Yet genius, with her towering might,
And all her glittering splendour bright,
Twines round her much-loved name.

And we think of him who owns this gem,
And the joys of nature's finding ;
And we feel a secret pleasure, when
We gaze with fond delight on them,
And their lovely ones surrounding.

The fame of their genius spreads afar,
And honours are round them twining ;
They seem like the moon and the evening star,
And those heaven gave them, really are
Like spanglets round them shining.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE ivy that twines round the ancient tower,
In its ruinous decay,
Reminds me of Friendship's pleasing power,
In the dark and gloomy day.

The ivy plant is not only seen
When the summer sun is glowing,
But spreads its branches of evergreen,
When the Winter winds are blowing.

We know that this generous plant is not
Confined to the rich man's dome ;
But sweetly twines 'round the poor man's cot,
Endearing his rural home.

And so should Friendship's mystic wreath
Bloom bright in a wintry day,
And, like a garland of roses, breathe
O'er the heart in its decay.

When health, and wealth, and youth are fled,
Then should Friendship sweetly bloom,
And fragrance shed round the sick one's bed,
And cheer the lonely room.

FINIS.



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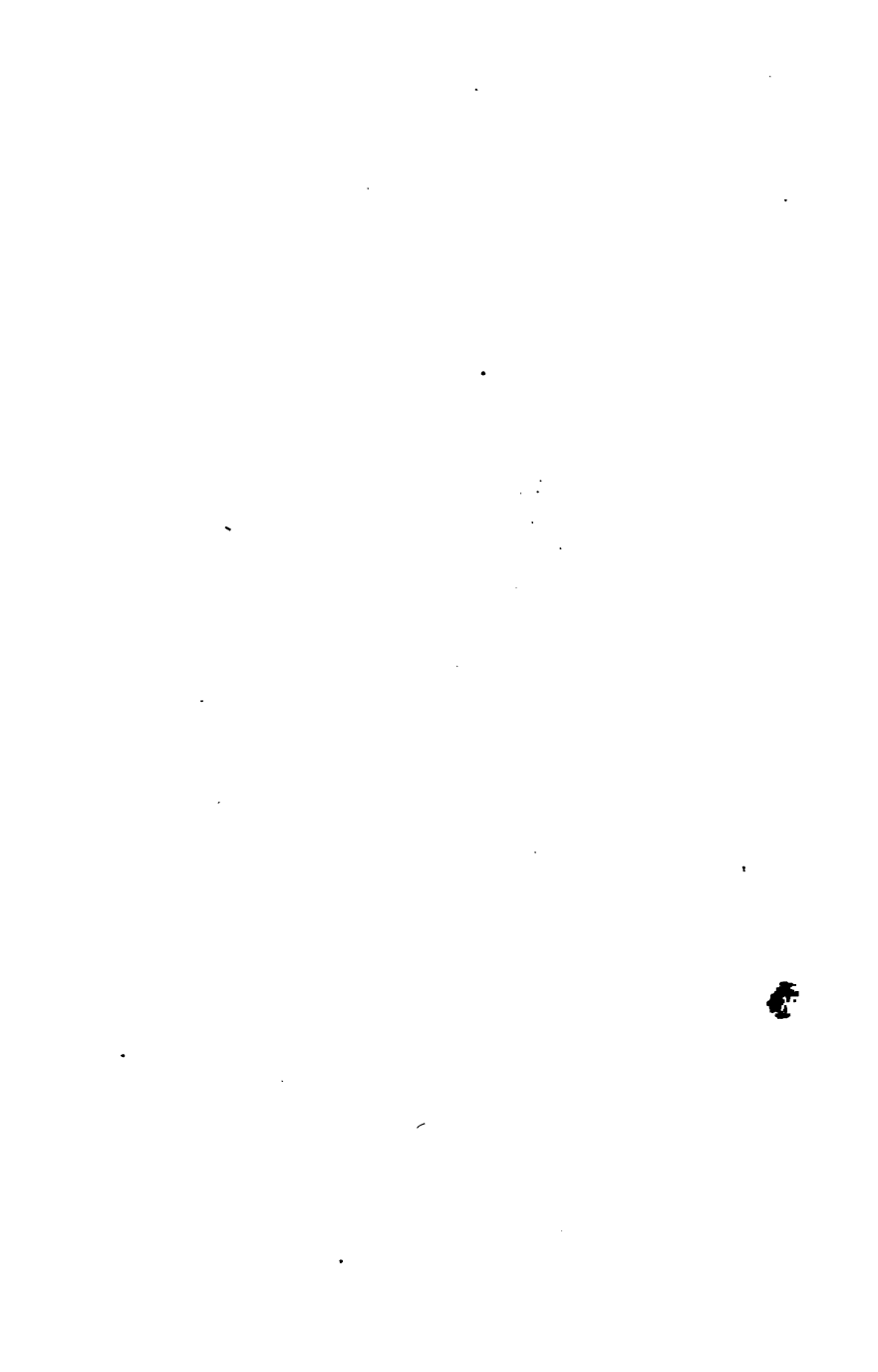
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